Ped. The Deare was (as you know) ſanguis in blood ripe as a Pomewater, who now hangeth like a Iewell in the eare of *Celo* the ſkie; the welken, the heauen, and anon falleth like a Crab on the face of *Terra*, the ſoyle, the land, the earth.

Curat. Nath. Truely M. *Holofernes*, the epithithes are ſweetly varied like a ſcholler at the leaſt: but Sir I aſſure ye, it was a Bucke of the firſt head.

Hol. Sir, *Nathaniel*, *haud credo*.

Dul. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.

Hol. Moſt barbarous intimation: yet a kinde of inſinuation, as it were *in via*, in way of explication *facere*: as it were replication, or rather *oſtentare*, to ſhow as it were his inclination after his vndreſſed, vnpoliſhed, vneducated, vnpruned, vntrained, or rather vnlettered, or ratherſt vnconfirmed faſhion, to inſert againe my *haud credo* for a Deare.

Dul. I ſaid the Deare was not a *haud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.

Hol. Twice-ſod ſimplicitie, *bis coctus*, O thou monſter Ignorance, how deformed doſt thou looke.

Nath. Sir, he hath neuer fed of the dainties that are bred in a booke.
He hath not eate paper as it were:
He hath not drunke inke.
His intellect is not repleniſhed, he is onely an animall, onely ſenſible in the duller parts: and ſuch barren plants are ſet before vs, that we thankfull ſhould be: which we taſte and feeling, are for thoſe parts that fructifie in vs more then he.
For as it would ill become me to be vaine, indiſcreet, or a foole;
So were there a patch ſet on Learning, to ſee him in a Schoole.
But *omne bene* ſay I, being of an old Fathers minde,
Many can brooke the weather, that loue not the winde.

Dul. You two are booke-men: can you tell by your wit,
What was a month old at *Cains* birth, that's not fiue weekes old as yet?

Hol. *Dictiſſima* good man *Dull*, *Dictiſſima* goodman *Dull*.

Dul. What is *Dictima*?

Nath. A title to *Phœbe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moone*.

Hol. The Moone was a month old when *Adam* was no more,
And wrought not to fiue weekes when he came to fiueſcore.
Th'alluſion holds in the Exchange.

Dul.

Dul. 'Tis true indeed, the Co
Hol. God comfort thy capacit
Exchange.

Dul. And I ſay the polluſion
for the Moone is neuer but a m
'twas a Pricket that the Princeſſe k

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, will you
on the death of the Deare, and to
Deare, the Princeſſe kill'd the Pr

Nath. *Perge*, good M. *Holo*
you to abrogate ſcurilitie.

Hol. I will ſomething affect th

The prayfull Princeſſe
a prettie pleaſing Pri
Some ſay a Sore, but no
till now made ſore wi
The Dogges did yell, pu
then Sorell iumps fro
Or Pricket-ſore, or elſe
The people fall a hoot
If Sore be ſore, then ell t
makes fiftie ſores O ſo
Of one ſore I an hundred
by adding but one m

Nath. A rare talent.

Dul. If a talent be a claw, loo
talent.

Nath. This is a gift that I hau
trauagant ſpirit, full of formes, fi
apprehenſions, motions, reuolu
ventricle of memorie, nouriſht in
deliuered vpon the mellowing o
in thoſe in whom it is acute, and I

Hol. Sir, I prayſe the Lord for y
ners, for their ſonnes are well tuto
ters profit very greatly vnder you:
common-wealth.

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